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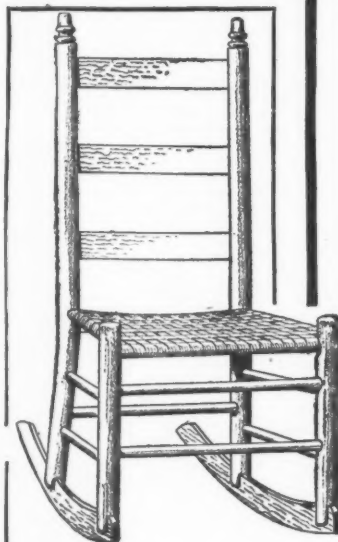
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Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting, nervous feet, and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight-fitting or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for ingrowing nails, sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. We have over 30,000 testimonials. **TRY IT TO-DAY.** Sold by all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Do not accept any substitute. Sent by mail for 25c. in stamps.

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THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL CO.

Republic Building, Chicago

Nancy's Ante-Nuptial Commandments

"WHEN we're married," began Nancy, "I shall expect the same freedom as I have now. For instance, you mustn't expect me to drop all my men friends. Why should marriage make me a chattel?"

I hadn't the faintest idea.

"A woman is a man's equal," she continued.

"Rather!" I agreed, heartily.

"It's absurd to regard man as a superior being," she said, disdainfully.

"It is," I assented.

"If anything," I suggested, pleasantly, "he's the inferior sex."

"Well, he is really," agreed Nancy.

"It's so obvious," said I.

"And you mustn't expect me to always talk to you," she resumed, kindly.

"I shouldn't," I cried, indignantly. "I'm not quite so bad as all that."

"Besides," I said, "a man wants a change."

"If that's your opinion, I wonder you get married at all," she said, scornfully.

"Well, you suggested it," I protested; "our behavior to each other, I mean, of course."

"I shall go to theatres with other men," she continued.

"And I shall go to theatres with other—I beg your pardon. Of course. we're talking about you."

"Occasionally I shall spend a quiet evening at home."

"It'll be dull," I warned her.

"No, it will be a change," she corrected. "And I'll get your slippers for you and light your pipe."

She smiled at the picture. I was inclined to smile somewhat foolishly, too, but I remembered in time my duty as a man.

"It's very probable," said I, carelessly, "I shan't be home."

"Not home!" she gasped, horrified.

"I shall have my own engagements," I reminded her.

"Oh, but"—she began, and then paused and choked.

"There'll be the club, you see," said I, "and bachelor parties, and"—I yawned slightly—"and heaps of things. A man can't drop out of the world just because he's married."

"I suppose not," agreed Nancy, very mildly.

There was a pause, and I watched the corners of her mouth droop.

"You—you won't always be out, will you?" she asked, timidly.

"N-o," I said, reflectively, "I dare say I shall be able to spare you an evening now and then."

Nancy hummed a little tune to herself, just to show she didn't care. I smoked my cigarette doggedly, however, and after awhile she again broke the silence.

"Will you let me help you with your work?" she asked. "I could blot your writing for you and find the words in the dictionary."

"I don't use a dictionary," I remarked, stiffly.

Nancy accepted this statement as mere perverseness. Everybody uses a dictionary.

"Oh, very well," she said, coldly, with her head well up.

There was a depressing silence.

"You're—you're very unkind," Nancy murmured, after a lengthy pause.

"I!" said I in amazement. "Why, I've agreed

to everything you've said. We've arranged that we shall both be absolutely independent of each other."

"But I don't want you to be independent of me," she said, softly.

I had grasped that.

"And—and I don't want to be independent of you," she whispered.

Words were inadequate—but my reply was adequate.

"A woman," she explained later, "only wants a thing when she hasn't got it. When she's got it she doesn't want it."

I suppose my expression showed that I had jumped to an obvious conclusion.

"Silly," she said, disarranging my tie; "a woman always wants her husband."

"Love, then," said I, "is the only real woman's right."

"Yes," she said, "and when she's got that she doesn't want any others."—*Pittsburg Gazette-Times.*

ANECDOTES concerning gratitude in animals are familiar to us, but the following from the *Evening Standard* is novel:

"A magpie belonging to a lady in Somersetshire has been in the habit of receiving dainty mouthfuls from the mouth of his mistress, perching on her shoulder, and then inserting his beak between her lips. The other day he took up his customary perch, but instead of seeking a titbit from his mistress, the grateful bird dropped a plump caterpillar into her mouth."

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.
"Its purity has made it famous."

AFRENCHMAN has invented a diving suit for motorists for use when the machine falls off bridges into the water. Another useful suit can be inflated so that when a collision is inevitable the chauffeur, with great presence of mind, blows himself out, shoots skyward and lights in a tree.—*London Tribune.*

ONE of the stock questions of the newspaper men who visit the State Department every day relates to the status of Ambassador Leishman at Constantinople. Since his elevation to ambassadorial rank he has failed to secure an audience with the Sultan, who, as is well known, is in feeble health. To the usual question, "Has Mr. Leishman been received?" the stereotyped reply, "Not yet," is given.

When this formula had been gone through with the other day Assistant Secretary Adece waxed humorous, and said the situation at Constantinople was like that of a man with a rent in his trousers. The man went into a tailor shop which displayed a sign, "Trousers mended while you wait." He retired to the inner room and gave his trousers to the tailor to fix up.

After waiting about two hours he called to the tailor, "Haven't you fixed those trousers yet?"

"Not yet," replied the tailor.

"Why, what's the matter?" he asked, somewhat impatiently. "Your sign says, 'Trousers mended while you wait.'"

"Oh, that's all right," answered back the tailor, without the slightest trace of a smile, "you're waiting yet, ain't you?"

Ambassador Leishman, said Mr. Adece, is still waiting.—*Washington Star.*

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It is the special favorite of the refined and cultured musical public on account of its unsurpassed tone-quality, unequalled durability, elegance of design and finish. Catalogue mailed on application.

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An Automobile Shock Absorber On a Hydraulic Principle

Ever since the need of shock absorbers on automobiles became evident, there has been considerable endeavor to find and apply the best principle for the governing of automobile spring action. Shock absorbers of many various sorts of construction have been devised from time to time, but recently there has been introduced one that is positively unique in principle and practice. This is the Graygood Hydraulic Double-acting Shock Absorber. This appliance is constructed upon the hydraulic principle of the "plunger" elevator, which is also the principle of the hydraulic door-check, save that the door-check is single-acting, while the shock absorber is double-acting.

The fact that this principle has been so successfully employed in elevators and door-checks for some years would indicate that a shock absorber built along the same theory must be eminently practical and satisfactory. The makers, Graham & Goodman, 55 West Ninety-third Street, send upon request a booklet explaining the principle, practice and construction of the hydraulic shock absorber, which ought to interest every automobilist.



When the Laundress brings

ARROW COLLARS

home from the laundry they are neither cracked nor frayed. Made of fabrics *shrunk before cutting* by the Clupeco process, which insures exact size and long wear. In true

QUARTER SIZES

Over 125 styles; 15 cents each; 2 for 25 cents. Send for booklet and dealer's name.

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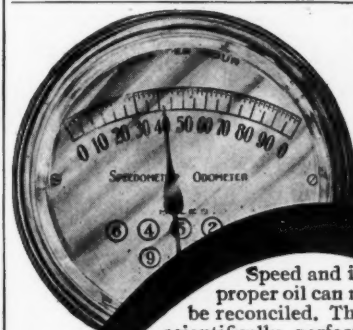
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El Principe de Gales

THIS superb cigar was introduced to the public sixty years ago, and named for the little heir to the British crown, then a baby. The baby has become the King of England. The brand has become

"The King of Havana Cigars"

Its record is sixty years of unvarying excellence—sixty years of a high Standard steadfastly maintained through good years and bad. No other Havana cigar can be called its rival, either in leaf-quality or workmanship. No other has its distribution, its popularity, its variety in sizes or its sales.

A mild cigar, with the true, inimitable, Havana fragrance, made in more than 150 sizes, priced from 3-for-25c. to \$1 each. Sold everywhere.

Havana-American Company, New York, Tampa and Key West



BRIGHTON

Flat Clasp Garters

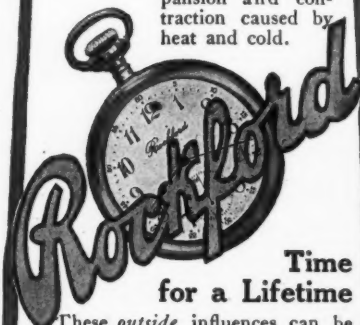
That sense of absolute security, complete comfort and perfect neatness is secured only by wearing Brighton Flat Clasp Garters. The perfectly flat clasp holds gently, but securely. They give the ankles that smooth, sleek appearance. The web is one piece pure silk. No sharp projections. All metal parts of brass, heavily nickle-plated.

For Christmas—Brighton Flat Clasp Garters in the handsome, new Christmas boxes. Same price, 25c a pair. All dealers, or by mail prepaid, PIONEER SUSPENDER CO., 718 Market St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Makers of Pioneer Suspenders

Proving Watch Perfection

TWO things cause inaccurate time-keeping in a watch, broadly speaking: Defects in the watch itself and outside natural causes, such as the effect on a watch of the constantly changing position in which it is carried and the expansion and contraction caused by heat and cold.



Time for a Lifetime

These outside influences can be overcome by "adjusting," which is simply redistribution of weight in the "balance wheel."

But frequently the "balance" and the "hair spring" which controls it are called upon to overcome defects in the watch itself—imperfect parts or inaccuracies in putting the parts together. And such defects, if not righted, soon "throw off" the "adjustment to position" and "to temperature" and the watch gains or loses time.

So Rockford Watches must pass the Rockford Test—must run without a hair spring before they are adjusted.

And Rockford adjusting is therefore permanent.

That's why your watch dealer will be glad to sell you a Rockford Watch.

He knows it will not be coming back for constant readjusting.

If you are not willingly supplied with any type of Rockford Watch, write us and we will see that you get what you want.

Rockford Watch Co., Rockford, Ill.



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The standard by which other candies are judged.

For sale where the best is sold.

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON,
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Established 1842.



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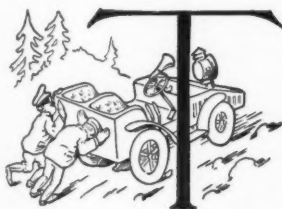
Crisp, and only medium hard. Delightful for all occasions. Send 25c for pkg. C. D. Boss & Son, New London, Conn.



LITTLE LESSONS

THE INDUSTRIOUS AND THE IDLE 'PRENTICE

Éclat



HERE is a fitness in éclat having a French name. For years France led the world in the manufacture of the gasoline cars by means of which the most popular éclat is produced.

Éclat is from éclater, which, being interpreted, means to burst forth. Who does not know how gasoline bursts forth when you handle the levers right?

We may yet have a cheap American éclat, with denatured alcohol, but we need bear in mind that grave difficulties will have to be surmounted. Nature stands well with all classes, just at present, and when we propose not only a denatured alcohol, but a denatured human nature as well, we verge upon the unthinkable. It seems to be settled, for the present, at least, that éclat is essentially urban. Farmers milk their cows (modified) by pasteurized gasoline, and farmers' wives are all the time mistaking gasoline for dishwater and getting themselves blown up, but quite without éclat.

The Right to Live

AT THE age of fourteen Harold's father gave him a ten thousand-dollar motor car.

Harold was delighted.

He ran it about for several months to the exclusion of everything else.

After this Harold wanted another. He got it.

Next year Harold went in for motor boats. In a couple of years more, however, they had worn themselves out.

At twenty Harold was married. Divorced at twenty-two.

To sum up: At thirty there was nothing else for him to do. He had done every pleasure. And there were no new ones being invented.

Suddenly, however, Harold's parents died and left him fifty millions.

He was about to despair, there being no use for the money, when suddenly he realized that the world at large hated and despised him.

"At last," said Harold with a sense of supreme satisfaction, "I am happy once more. I have a new sensation."



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XLVIII. OCT. 25, 1906. No. 1252.
17 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.



THE advantage of running a live man for office is being abundantly illustrated in the New York State campaign by Mr. Hughes. In the first four or five of his speeches he riddled Hearst's whole apparatus of claptrap and bugaboo, and showed up the fatuity and preposterous insincerity of most of his clamor. The corporations and the corporation lawyers have been the favorite target of all the Hearst mudbatteries. Mr. Hughes easily made it clear that Hearst himself and his newspaper properties compose one of the most intricate systems of corporations extant, a system adroitly devised to elude taxation, avoid responsibility and escape the consequences of defamation and misconduct. Nothing that can be said in disparagement of corporation lawyers as a class is inapplicable to Hearst's man Shearn, who labors besides under the special disability of being an exposed hypocrite. So ruinous to the Hearst plan of campaign have Mr. Hughes's assaults been, that Mr. Brisbane in the *Evening Journal* has been pretty much reduced to a frantic outcry against the employment of Chinese on the Panama Canal, a bit of flubdub that has no more to do with this New York campaign than the California earthquake has to do with the price of ice. There are about 3,000 Chinamen now employed on the Panama Canal. Mr. Shonts says he hopes no more will be brought there, because Jamaica laborers make better workmen. Brisbane tells his dupes that Chinese diggers at Panama are a menace to all American labor, but that the American working-man can still save himself by voting for

Hearst for Governor. Poor talk this, but a safer subject than Hearst's corporations.

Hearst yoked in between "Fingy" Conners, of Buffalo, and Charles Murphy, of New York, makes an incurably ridiculous appearance as a reform candidate. He cannot get away from his allies, his record and himself.



THE truth is that Hearst and his papers, his character and his purposes have never been under very severe fire. When he ran for Mayor he represented opposition to Murphy, and on that issue got many votes in spite of the fact that he was Hearst. His papers as a rule, though interesting as curiosities, have not been dignified by much criticism from educated men. The attitude of thinking beings toward them has been very much that of musical critics to hurdy-gurdies. The Hearst papers have been a feature of the street, but the other newspapers have not bothered much about what they said, and no considerable effort has been made until now to overhaul their methods as makers of public opinion. But when a man runs for Governor of New York and gets the indorsement of one of the great parties, it becomes necessary to ascertain what his ideas are, and, of course, the place to look for Hearst's ideas is in his newspapers. The moment they are examined it becomes apparent that they have the faults of their qualities in being made, not, indeed, for people who do not think, but for readers who lack the knowledge that would enable them to think to good purpose. The Hearst papers are made to entertain the indiscriminating and to gull the ignorant. The former purpose they serve very well, and may continue to serve it; but in the latter intent the present campaign is likely to do them valuable damage. It is conceivable that Hearst has dared too much, and that the remarkable bubble he has blown up is about to be pricked. He is a freak, and his campaign for Governor has brought him out and put him on exhibition with Charles Hughes for showman. It is bound to be a very searching exhibition for Hearst.



"HORSE-THIEF" has for the present been superseded as a term of opprobrium by "corporation lawyer." It is not actionable yet to call a citizen a corporation lawyer, but it is felt—even the President feels it—that it is a very hard name to give him. All existing lawyers may be classified in two groups: those whose practice includes work for corporations and those whose practice doesn't. Most of the ablest and best lawyers are included in the former group, which also includes, no doubt, some who are able but not so good.

The lawyers, since the foundation of our Government, have given the country a large proportion of its political leaders. Undoubtedly they will continue to do so, but for the present the fact that the ablest of them work for corporations has considerably affected their availability as political guides. We do not see that the abatement of their political influence or eligibility for office has as yet resulted in any marked advantage to the State. Mr. Roosevelt is not a lawyer, but there are those who consider that he would not be any less a useful President if his mind had been fed a bit on law while it was still growing. Mr. Odell is not a lawyer, nor Mr. McCarren nor Mr. Fingy Conners, nor Mr. Murphy, nor Mr. Hearst. We bet, though, that five lawyers could easily be found in New York State (and corporation lawyers at that) in whose hands political leadership and office could be entrusted just as safely as to the five patriots mentioned.

Much might be said in favor of excluding men in active business from office, and even of depriving them of the right to vote, on the ground that their business interests made it impossible for them to form impartial judgments of what course would best promote the public welfare. There is far less reason for prejudice against lawyers in public life, for an honest lawyer when he takes office takes the people for his client, and the more he knows by previous experience about corporations the better qualified he is to represent the people when their interests and the interests of corporations clash.



AUTUMN GOES TO HER WINTER QUARTERS



"GO WEST, YOUNG MAN, GO WEST"
—Horace Greeley

Philadelphia

PHILADELPHIA, 'tis said—
Truth or not, it is a pity!—
Being practically dead,
Is a well-laid-out old city.
One, perhaps, might get along
For a portion of a day there,
But there would be something wrong
With a man who liked to stay there.

Philadelphia is where
Social rules are very rigid;
Ancestors one *must* have there,
Otherwise one finds it frigid:
That one figures in "Who's Who"
Counts not one way or another,
It is necessary to
Know one's great-great-grand-
mother.

Philadelphia is clean,
But it makes a mortal shiver
For the truth, when he has seen
Water from the Schuylkill River;
That this liquid ever could
Cleanse a thing, one cannot think it.
Yet the natives find it good,
And they bathe in it and drink it.

Philadelphia just now
Shows a sign of some improvement;
As for Gas we must allow
It betrays an upward movement:
Weaver's got some grafters out
And, for all it is but recent,
Soon the cry will be, no doubt,
"Philadelphia is decent!"

Felix Carmen.

The Professional Humorist

PROFESSIONAL humorists are getting to be so common that it is almost impossible to pick up a paper without being saddened by their presence. At one time they were isolated, but of late years they have banded together and send forth their jokes from a solid phalanx.

Professional humorists, as a rule, live by their wits. That is why they have so little in the bank. They marry easily and are addicted to the habit of having children, this being a seeming necessity for the proper promulgation of their jokes. A common accusation against them is that they take life too seriously,

and their professional spirit prevents them from extracting enough humor from it.

Professional humorists are much like other people. They fall into habits. If by any chance one of them originates a new joke, the rest pounce upon him and tear it away.

The motto of the professional humorist is:

"A short life and a sad one."

A Connoisseur

FIRST MILLIONAIRE: How can you tell a genuine "old master" from a bogus?

SECOND MILLIONAIRE: Easy enough—everything that costs over ten thousand dollars is bogus!



SEEING HEAVEN

THE OLD LADY WHOSE CHILDREN DIDN'T WANT HER AROUND



WHAT'S THE MATTER?

WHAT SORT OF MESSAGE IS HE RECEIVING?
WHY THIS DELIGHT SO SUDDENLY FOLLOWED BY UNWELCOME NEWS?
FOR THE BEST SOLUTIONS OF THE MYSTERY, TOLD IN NOT MORE THAN THREE HUNDRED WORDS AND
RECEIVED BEFORE JANUARY, 1907, "LIFE" WILL GIVE TEN PRIZES OF TEN DOLLARS EACH.

An Unfair Exchange

SHE came—she smiled—
She sped the dart
From Cupid's bow that
Passion stirs.
She went—she smiled—
She kept my heart
And—hers.
Thomas R. Ybarra.

His Intelligence

"AND do you think I am different from all the other girls?" asks the young woman who has just said "Yes."

"Not a bit, save in looks," answers the young man who has just asked her to marry him. "You're a whole lot prettier than most of them and just as pretty as the rest of them."

"Do you think I have a greater mental grasp than?"

"No. I never saw but four or five women whose mentality was remarkable, and they were of the sort that goes in for mannish clothes and short hair and ugly hats. Mentally, you are on a plane with the ordinarily intelligent human being, whether male or female. I don't suppose you have any more common sense than any other woman—women don't require common sense."

"Do you think I am frivolous?"

"Yes, indeed. You're just as frivolous as any other woman. They're all alike. They like candy and flowers and theatres—and they don't care for literature, unless it is a best-selling book, with gobs of love talk on each page."

"And do you think I will be a careful housewife?"

"Not a bit of it. I'm not so foolish as

to think that. What you save on one thing you'll spend on another."

"But do you ever expect to have any quarrels with me?"

"Sure I do. We'll spat and say unkind things to each other and get all the mean words out of our systems every so often, and then kiss and make up, and be all the better for it. In short, I expect that we'll live our lives just as every other human being does."

"I am so glad," she says, caressingly. "I told mama that you were the smartest man in the world, and this proves it."

The Redoubtable Moran

CRITICS who censure District Attorney Jerome for his omissions to operate the machinery of justice should make a study of District Attorney Moran, of Boston, who never lets a chance escape him. Mr. Moran is zealous to a fault. His vigilance is almost sleepless, and when it does nod it has nightmares. Where any judicious angel would decline to tread, Moran rushes in and clamors for justice. He has profited by his methods, for he has got the Democratic nomination for Governor in his State, though his prospects of election are not very serious.

They will hardly be improved by his recent efforts to introduce President Roosevelt's youthful son into his campaign, an effort which has afforded much entertainment to spectators.

Made Him Nervous

FERDY: Why did you stop calling on the Mainchance girl?

ALGY: Why, the whole family seemed too glad to see me!



Give Him Room

THERE are those who believe that the man to beat Bryan is Roosevelt.

What about the opinion that the man to beat Bryan is Bryan!

Give Brother Bill room, and let us see what he can do.

A Little Dint in Boston's Self-Esteem

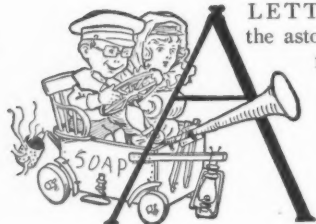


BOSTON shows itself a little restless over the impression expounded by Mr. H. G. Wells in *Harper's Weekly* that she lives in the past, is clogged by defunct literature and has no room left in her mind for contemporaneous thoughts. Mr. Wells conveyed his impressions gently, politely and with much humor, but they reflected in a measure the impressions of so many other observers that they have made a little dint in Boston's self-esteem.

Never mind. It is good for all of us to have our self-esteem politely dinted now and then. Besides, Mr. Wells only got a glimpse of Boston. The town contains some thoroughly contemporaneous folks, besides having produced considerable numbers who have escaped. Mr. Wells lives chiefly in the future, which makes him a rather hazardous critic of the present, and he is a confirmed and committed iconoclast, with an ingrained impatience of anything that seems finished.

Boston is a peach, and it is no fault in a peach to be ripe.

Motor Cars Preferred to Houses



A LETTER from Portland to the *Sun* records the astonishment of the writer to learn that forty or fifty Portland people had mortgaged their homes to raise money to buy automobiles. A similar story is told of residents of New Haven, and, if the facts could be learned, it is pretty certain that an astonishing number of people have felt an automobile to be so indispensable to their happiness that they have mortgaged their dwellings to get one.

There is no doubt about it that an automobile is an engaging property. Folks who can have one and also have a house to live in are lucky, but, of course, everybody is not rich enough for such a combination of luxuries. The coming motor car will be fitted up with bunks for the owner and his family and will tie up at night opposite a restaurant. This will make housekeeping wonderfully simple and solve the servant question and most of the other questions, except the question of tires. Ever since our ancestors ceased to live in trees and caves, houses have been one of the heaviest burdens under which human shoulders bent. Vast will be the service of the motor car if it relieves humanity of this load.

The Battle of Blenheim

IT WAS a summer evening.

Old Kasper had been working all day on the site of little old New York, and he was tired.

He sat before his cottage door—the place where there used to be a skyscraper, but now all was green.

Suddenly Wilhelmine noticed her brother Peterkin was busy with something large and round.

"Aha!" said old Kasper, taking it up, "a victim of the great city. Plenty of 'em about."



"you"

"What did he do?" asked Peterkin.

Kasper smiled. "A little of everything," he replied. "This chap may have been a subway victim. He may have been run over by a surface car or been clubbed to death by a policeman. He may have met his fate in an excursion boat or died of indigestion."

"But," queried Peterkin, "what good came of it all?"

And old Kasper merely shook his head, as he blew his smoke over in the direction of what was once Hoboken.

"All I know," he said, "is that once it was a famous municipality."

Robert Southey.

Precipitate

BABY CAMEL: Mama, can I have a drink?

MAMA CAMEL: Shut up! Why, it was only five weeks ago that I gave you one.



PORTRAIT OF A COLLEGE PRESIDENT WHEN FOOTBALL TAKES ITS PROPER PLACE

The World Moves

"O NIGGARDLY heaven," complained the ancient patriot, "that thou hast given me but one life to lose for my country!"

But the latter-day patriot is more enlightened. He has read political economy.

"O niggardly heaven," he complains, "that thou hast given me but two feet to stand pat with!"

Would Bring the Younger Roots

THAT Cuban reporter who has been studying English showed his progress in the work when he wrote, just after the rumor that the Secretary of War would visit Cuba:

"Secretary Root, Mrs. Root and all the tendrils are expected in Havana soon."

Men and Their Ways

WISE men drink sage tea.
Sailors are fond of port.
Millers must have their sack.
Pawnbrokers prefer hock.
Shoemakers are partial to cobbles.
Pugilists like a claret punch.
Business partners drink half-and-half.
Artillerymen approve of high-balls.
The man with a broken arm wants a sling.

Thin men relish stout.
Many well persons drink well water.
The luggage-burdened traveler asks for porter.

Poultrymen want cocktails.
Cotton-growers must have their gin.
Tanned summer girls request lemonade.
Deaf mutes like Mumm.

The bald man wants a nightcap of some warm stuff.

The drowning man craves something extra dry.

All Explained

A SHORT, nervous man, holding in his hand a paper, entered the office of the prominent specialist.

"Ah, good morning, sir. You remember me. I was one of your patients."

"Perfectly, sir. Be seated."

"I have just received your bill."

"Yes, sir."

The patient waved the paper excitedly.

"I have come to ask you for an explanation. This bill, sir, is four times as much as it ought to be. It's twice as much as I can pay."

The great specialist looked sympathetic.

"Is it possible," he muttered, "that I have made a mistake? No. That is correct. It's all right."

"Now, sir," exclaimed the other man, "let me tell you something. I knew you charged high. I knew you also went by appearances. And so, when I came to you, I made a point of wearing my oldest and shabbiest clothes. I did it on purpose. How, sir, can you, in view of this fact, dare to present me with such a whanging bill?"

"That's why I did it."

"Why you did it?"

The great specialist smiled.

"Certainly, sir," he replied. "I assumed that no one but a millionaire could afford to wear such poor clothes as that."

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"HOPE SPRINGS ETERNITY"





From French Comedy to Cape Cod

THE heavy hand of the translator and adapter is clearly to be felt in "The Love Letter," Sardou's comedy produced at the Lyric Theatre, with Virginia Harned as the star. It is not that Mr. Gottschalk's work is badly done, but there is something in the spirit of French light comedy which refuses to be reproduced in our language and by our actors. Sentences and phrases which on the French stage are apparently glossed over and expressed with a quick shrug, grimace, gesture, here have to be put into words, each of which has to be spoken in full, with due weight and importance. Our artists lack the sprightliness and vivacity that go with the Gallic nature, so a *tour d'esprit*, like the one under consideration, becomes on our stage a far more weighty matter than it was in the original. When the transition is made, all that remains is the French ingenuity of plot and dilemma, the imagination of the spectator being called upon to supply what has been lost in transit, aided so far as their misfit exertions will let them by artists struggling with material foreign to their very natures.

To tell the truth, the strain in the present instance is mostly on the imagination of the auditor. In the second act Mr. Ferguson's depiction of the good manners and perplexity of the first

husband by divorce, who is sought by the Revillon family and their friends to clear up the jealousy of *Revillon*, the second husband, supplies to the play about the only thing that might be associated with the French original. From Virginia Harned down through the entire cast we have heaviness of touch where there should be the utmost daintiness. The explosive merriment of Mr. Alfred Grau as the friend of the deceived husband is more in key, for, with all its boisterousness, it seems natural and spontaneous. Mr. Courtney, the deceived husband, without which character for a butt no French comedy or farce has any reason for existence, was a well-appearing young American, solemn and substantial, whose clothes fit him better than the character. Virginia Harned was neither very good nor very bad, sufficient, but leaving no pronounced impression. Her sudden transition to deep emotion in the last act was somewhat inharmonious, but no more so than the introduction of a high tenor solo and a non-singing chorus of supers.

"The Love Letter," notwithstanding the authorship of Sardou, will be found rather piffling, even by those who take it as it is, without stopping to think what it was probably intended to be.

* * *

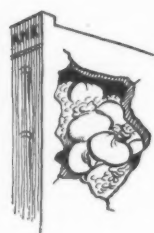
THE tremendous pecuniary success of "The Old Homestead" and a few similar dramas of local color is responsible for putting on the stage a lot of crudity in writing and acting. The money earned by those pieces looms up in the managerial mind and haunts the managerial fancy with the vain notion that any play which has old New England, or old Kentucky or old some other locality as a basis is bound to be a gold mine, no matter how it is constructed or how acted. "Imitation is the road to wealth" is a maxim with many managers, and for that reason we have such atrocities as "Cape Cod Folks." If the play contained one original picture, one original idea, one original thought or one original line of any value, the staleness and silliness which pervade it might be forgiven, on the same principle that Sodom and Gomorrah might have escaped



THE
SCHOOL BELL



THE CIRCUS
RIDER



HIS FIRST DOLLAR
IN THE BANK



"CHEESE IT, DE COP"



HIS FATHER'S FACE
WHEN HE EXPECTS A LICKING



FACE WASHED



ONE PIECE
OF HIS FAVORITE PIE

HOW THINGS SEEM TO A BOY

destruction. Its main scenic effort is a shipwreck scene, which is neither new nor especially well done. Its New England life and characters have all been better drawn and better acted. Even its villain is the stereotyped blackguard of melodrama, impersonated in the unescapable way.

"Cape Cod Folks" has almost as much freshness and variety as the salted fish from which the Massachusetts peninsula takes its name. Why its folks as depicted in the play should be reproduced on the stage, at this period of the world, must be referred to the peculiar managerial mind which dreads producing anything which has not already been tried with success.

itself was designed by architects of the first rank and Herr Conried has had a long experience in producing German plays with German actors, besides his supplemental career as manager of grand opera. The announcement that its box-holders were to be passed upon by "a committee of society ladies" has not been repeated, so any one with enough millions will probably be permitted to sit in the sacred enclosures. With generous pecuniary backing its productions should be at least gorgeous. The New Theatre will find its place among our theatres.

Meanwhile, friends of the American National Theatre should not abandon their dream. That great educational institution is bound to be a realized fact when the right persons have awakened to its value and importance in American life.

* * *
ALREADY there is a rift in the lute of the New Theatre. One of the women stockholders and box-owners is said to have rebelled at the announcement that Herr Heinrich Conried is to be the manager of the enterprise. There is serious discontent among others who have put up the large sum necessary to become a patron of the venture and on the same account.

It is difficult to understand why any one should object at this late day. It has

been apparent from the first that what was announced to be a realization of the American National Theatre idea was under the inspiration and guidance of Herr Conried. The gentlemen who have turned the real estate over for the subscribers and who have had the plans made have been advised by Herr Conried at every stage of the undertaking. Of late very little has been said of the New Theatre's being in any way a representative American institution, and this of itself should have been notice to the subscribers that it was to be under foreign domination and confirmation of the selection of Herr Conried as its manager. The subscribers to the stock of this venture cannot claim that they have not been sufficiently warned. Reference to the files of LIFE for the past year would refute that claim.

There is no reason, now that it has apparently abandoned the idea of being a representative American institution, why the New Theatre should not be a creditable addition to New York's places of amusement. The site chosen by the real estate speculators who started the movement is a commodious and slightly one, the building

* * *
OUR readers will remember that last winter LIFE was instrumental in introducing at Albany a bill concerning admission to theatres and other public places of amusement which gave all citizens equal rights and took from managers the right of arbitrary and capricious exclusion. The bill passed the Assembly, but was beaten in the Senate by three votes. The defeat was accomplished, it was stated, through the efforts of Timothy Drydollar Sullivan, who is closely connected with the Theatrical Trust.

Senator Nathaniel Elsberg was chairman of the Committee on Codes, which had the bill in charge, and was largely instrumental in defeating it. It was said at the time that Senator Elsberg's principal ambition in life was to be elected this fall to the bench of the Supreme Court and that under the old order of things, when the judicial nominations were split up by the party bosses, the assistance of Timothy D. Sullivan would have secured the nomination. Senator Elsberg's ambition has been frustrated. Being a Republican, he was not included in the Murphy-Hearst deal and his fellow members of the bar did not consider him a suitable person to be included in the list of independent nominations which has just been indorsed by Senator Elsberg's fellow Republicans.

Senator Brackett is another who did not care to make enemies of the Trust managers, as he was an aspirant for the Republican nomination for Governor. He not only failed in that ambition, but he has also failed of renomination for Senator in his own district.

"The mills of God grind slowly," etc.

* * *
ALTHOUGH personally unacquainted with her, Mr. Nat Goodwin was so much impressed by Rose Stahl's admirable performance in "The Chorus Lady" that

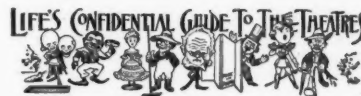
he wrote her a note of congratulation which he ended as follows:

"Yours very truly,

NAT C. GOODWIN.

"P. S.—Perhaps you will remember me as the man that Maxine Elliott married."

Metcalfe.



Academy of Music—"Cape Cod Folks." See opposite.

Astor—Viola Allen in "Cymbeline." Notice later.

Belasco—"The Girl of the Golden West." Interesting and exciting drama of the early days of California. Admirably acted by good company.

Bijou—Mr. Nat Goodwin in "The Genius." Amusing light comedy of local interest.

Casino—"My Lady's Maid." Musical play. Fairly amusing.

Empire—Mr. John Drew and well-trained company in Mr. Pinero's "His House in Order." English domesticity in interesting dramatic form.

Garrick—Mr. William Gillette in "Clarice." Notice later.

Garden—"Sam Houston." Notice later.

Hackett—Rose Stahl in "The Chorus Lady." Amusing play of Tenderloin life.

Herald Square—"About Town." Entertaining musical piece, with Mr. Lew Fields and company.

Hippodrome—Circus, ballet and the imposing "Court of the Golden Fountains." Elaborate and spectacular.

Lyric—Virginia Harned in "The Love Letter." See opposite.

Madison Square—Carlotta Nillson in "The Three of Us."

Majestic—"The Tourists." Musical play, funny, well staged and at popular prices.

Manhattan—Hapgood and Pollock's "Clothes," with Grace George as the star. Amusing and up-to-date fashionable comedy.

Princess—Miss Margaret Anglin and Mr. Henry Miller in "The Great Divide." American drama of considerably more than ordinary value, well acted.

Weber's—"The Measure of a Man." Notice later.



LIFE'S WEATHER FORECAST

Wind from the North

THE LATEST BOOKS



OWEN JOHNSON'S new novel, *Max Fergus*, is an extremely interesting bit of work. It is, indeed, as interesting and as suggestive of possibilities as anything recently done by the younger American writers. The story is that of the betrayal and revenging of an old miser at the hands of a pair of the legal fish-hawks who feed in the murky eddies of Jefferson Market police court, and, apart from its attraction as an unusual and well-constructed tale, its chief merit lies in the author's fresh and individual blending of the keen observation of the realist with an imaginative appreciation of broader relations. It is true that the book has been written under what the Spiritualists would call a "control." The influence of the French masters of style is not only evident but at times obtrusive. It is the work of a young and talented writer, still experimenting with his medium, but he has something to say, even if he says it with a French accent.

The peculiar title of *Power Lot*, by Mary P. McLean Greene, is the name of an inaccessible little village on the Bay of Fundy, to which a wealthy but dissipated young American has been exiled by his financial and medical guardians and forced to earn his own bread (and drink) at the tail of an ox-plow. It is an am-

bitious composition in local color. Too ambitious if anything. For while the natives are sketched with Mrs. Greene's sympathetic pencil and one is made to realize the very air and outlook of Power Lot, the mechanism of the romance is over elaborate and over obvious.

The Ancient Miracle is a romance of the Canadian backwoods of an entirely different quality. Inspired by the author's discovery of a primitive and kindly people living isolated on the borders of the wilderness, the story is simply the necessary vehicle of their presentation. Its limitations, instead of being due to an oversophisticated ambition, are those of a naive poverty of invention. The restless young school-teacher and her lover, the old people with whom she lives—all the pleasant characters of the book, in fact—are drawn with quiet zest. The villains and the plot are stage properties.

Joseph Spencer Kennard's work upon the *Italian Romance Writers* places before the reader a serviceable bird's-eye view of a foreign literature, its origins, its tendencies and the personalities of its producers. It includes an article upon each of the leading writers from Manzoni to d'Annunzio, giving in each instance a biographical sketch, an outline of one or more novels and a short critique. It is, in fine, an informal text-book, raised above and beyond its class by the critical acumen and literary ability of the author.

The story which M. G. Easton tells in *The House by the Bridge* is, in a way, faintly reminiscent of *Jane Eyre*. At bottom, however, it is a piece of feministic fiction based upon an early Victorian ideal of that which is properly romantic in young heroines. There is a good deal of excellent material in it first and last. Studies of Devon yokels, rapid portraits of village types, incidents graphically narrated. But the main stream of the story lacks direction and ultimately falls tamely into a most conventional sea, leaving many of what promised to be its main

currents unexplored or abandoned as false channels. It is one of the many novels which are not nearly so bad as some others.

The latest volume in the American State Series, edited by Professor Willoughby, deals with the development and the present character of *Local Government in Counties, Towns and Villages* in the United States. The subject is one of infinite detail. The influence of several initial traditions, the erratic course of territorial settlement, the effect of local conditions and the experiments of politicians have evolved a kaleidoscopic variety of organization. The author, Professor John A. Fairlie, of the University of Michigan, gives a most intelligible although necessarily a dry and succinct summary of the results.

The Worshippers is the title of a novel by Henry Berman, dealing with the educated or self-styled "intellectuals" among the Russian Jews in Philadelphia. The most salient characteristic of the circle seems to be a craving for abstract discussion, and the text of the book is nine-tenths dialogue, which weighs about a pound per page.

A collection of something like three hundred cartoons, caricatures and pictorial skits of the present King of England, gathered from the files of the leading weeklies of Europe and America for the past sixty years, has been recently published in Paris under the title of *L'Oncle de l'Europe Devant l'Objectif Caricatural*. The collection is both amusing and interesting. It constitutes not only a humorous history of Edward VII, but an anthology of pictorial humor. The text is in French, but the pictures are in English.

J. B. Kerfoot.



LIFE'S WEATHER FORECAST
Cooler to-night

Max Fergus, by Owen Johnson. (The Baker and Taylor Company. \$1.50.)

Power Lot, by Mary P. McLean Greene. (The Baker and Taylor Company. \$1.50.)

The Ancient Miracle, by Jane Grosvenor Cooke. (A. S. Barnes and Company. \$1.50.)

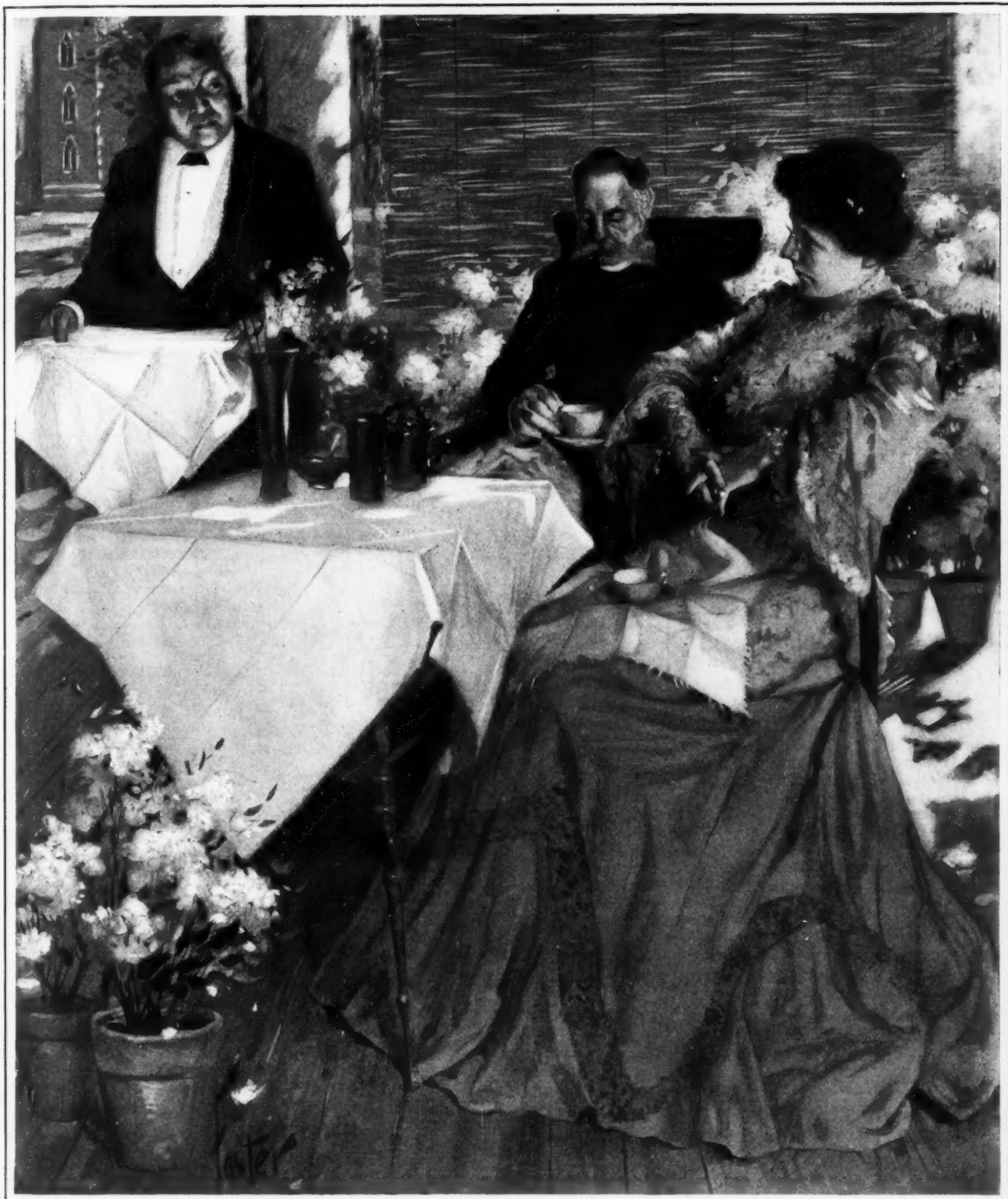
Italian Romance Writers, by Joseph Spencer Kennard. Brentano's.)

The House by the Bridge, by M. G. Easton. (The John Lane Company.)

Local Government in Counties, Town and Villages, by John A. Fairlie. (The Century Company, \$1.25.)

The Worshippers, by Henry Berman. (The Grafton Press. \$1.50.)

L'Oncle de l'Europe Devant l'Objectif Caricatural, by John Grand-Carteret. (Louis Michaud. Paris. \$3.50.)



Mrs. Pileitton (to her coachman): JAMES, I TRUST THAT YOU ARE AN ATTENDANT AT RELIGIOUS EXERCISES?

"OH, YES, MEM. I GOES AS OFFEN AS I HAS THE CHANCE, MEM."

"AND I TRUST THAT YOU FEEL IT YOUR DUTY TO LEAD SUCH A LIFE HERE AS WILL ASSURE YOU A PLACE AMONG THE GOOD IN THE NEXT WORLD?"

"OH, YES, MEM, I TRIES TO. THANK YOU KINDLY, MEM."

"I AM GLAD OF IT, JAMES. I HAVE BEEN SO MUCH PLEASED WITH YOUR SERVICES THAT IT IS A REAL COMFORT TO ME TO KNOW THAT IF WE ARE PERMITTED TO HAVE COACHMEN IN HEAVEN I MAY CONTINUE TO EMPLOY YOU THERE."



APPEARING GREEN

Senator Beveridge was talking one afternoon in Washington to a group of newly elected Congressmen.

"You boys," he said, "must on no account appear green. Keep cool, go slow, think before you speak; then you won't give yourselves away."

The unripe Congressmen laughed, and Senator Beveridge continued:

"I should hate to hear that one of you had acted as a new Southern Congressman once did."

"He, as soon as he reached Washington, went off to a photographer's to be photographed."

"I want my likeness taken," he said.

"Cabinet?" the photographer asked.

"The Southerner reddened and looked pleased."

"No," he answered, "just a plain, every-day Congressman."
—*Buffalo News*.

A WINE agent is compiling a volume of anecdotes of wine dealers of the world. He said the other day: "Roederer once received a letter that read: 'Sir: I have not a centime to my name, but I adore champagne. Be good enough to send me a case of your delicious nectar. With its help I hope to forget my wretched poverty.' Roederer replied by return mail: 'Sir: The means wherewith you propose to forget your poverty will not avail. The incessant and persistent presentation of my account will remind you every moment of your sad condition.'"—*Troy Times*.

LOOKED CHEAP

"Wow! If I don't git rid o' dis cold soon," complained Jimmy, the jockey, "I'll be a dead one soon."

"Did you consult Dr. Goodman, as I told you?" asked his friend.

"Naw! De sign on his door said 'so to x' an' I wouldn't monkey wid no long shot like dat.'"—*Philadelphia Press*.

A RETAIL dealer in buggies doing business in one of the larger towns in northern Indiana wrote to a firm in the East ordering a carload of buggies. The firm wired him:

"Cannot ship buggies until you pay for your last consignment."

"Unable to wait so long," telegraphed the buggy dealer; "cancel the order."—*Everybody's*.

A PERSIAN parliament suggests Aladdin's lamp fitted with an electric bulb.—*New York Tribune*.

A SUGGESTION

MRS. WHOOPLER: You tell me, Herr Vogleschnitzel, that my daughter can never become a singer! Is there no hope for her?

HERR VOGLESCHNITZEL: Vell, matam, you might put her on a diet of canary seed alretty, undt see vot dot vill do mit her.
—*London Tit-Bits*.

AT MONTE CARLO

A lady at the tables could not make up her mind on which number to place her money. Seeing her hesitation, her neighbor said to her: "Do as I do, madam. Put your money on the number which corresponds to your age."

The lady thereupon planted her louis on No. 22, and the winning number was 36.

"Ah, madam," said her gallant neighbor, "if you had only followed my advice."—*La Vie Pour Rire*.



A CRYING NEED

"GEE! I WISH THE PRESIDENT'D INVENT SOME KIND OV SIMPLIFIED 'RITHMETIC."

EITHER OR AYTHUR

Two Irishmen, Pat and Mike, stood looking at bricklayers who were working on a building that was being erected, when the following conversation was overheard:

MIKE: Pat, kin yez tell me what kapes them bricks together?

PAT: Sure, Mike; it's the mortar.

"Not by a dom sight; that kapes them apart."—*Harper's Weekly*.

CONJUGAL ARITHMETIC

"If you're going to Paris to see some fun, you'll require at the very least seventy-five francs a day."

"As much as that? It's pretty heavy, especially seeing that I'm taking my wife with me."

"Oh, you're taking your wife? In that case, about fifteen francs a day will be ample."—*Gil Blas*.

A CONNECTICUT newspaper editor once hired an Englishman as a reporter, and gave him as his first assignment a big fire in a near-by town. Arriving at the place, the reporter found great masses of flames pouring from the huge factory building. He seemed nonplussed and didn't know what to do. Finally he sent back to the office this telegram: "Have arrived and the fire is burning fiercely. What shall I do?"

Of course, he was sent to write up the fire, but as it was now too late for the afternoon edition, the editor said something under his breath, and sent back the following reply: "Find out where the fire is the hottest and jump in."—*New York Tribune*.

UP-TO-DATE geographies will now define Cuba as a small body of patriots entirely surrounded by warships.—*Brooklyn Standard Union*.

NO HOPE FOR HIM

PRISONER: I should think you ought to get me out of this scrape. It's my first offense, you know.

LAWYER: That's just the trouble. Your record is so good that I can't possibly prove you are insane.—*Chicago News*.

THE worst feature about a divorce is that it usually results in two more marriages.—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

AN ENGINEER from Sunderland was spending a few days in London with a friend, and, after a busy morning sightseeing, the Londoner chose a large restaurant for lunching at, thinking it would be a novel experience for the man from the North. The visitor appeared to enjoy his luncheon, but kept looking in the direction of the door.

"What are you watching?" asked his friend, rather annoyed.

"Well," was the quiet reply, "A's keepin' an eye on ma top-coat!"

"Oh, don't bother about that!" replied the other. "You don't see me watching mine."

"No," observed the guileless engineer; "thoo has no call to— it's ten minutes sin' thine went!"—*Tit-Bits*.

THE KID BROTHER

"That's all right, sis," answered Tommy. "I could see that you were only playing telephone. He was ringing you up—oh, you needn't hide your left hand behind you—but he had his lips entirely too close to the receiver."—*Chicago Tribune*.

NO NEEDLESS WASTE

The goldfish in the little aquarium had thriven quite well until a few weeks after they had been intrusted to the care of the new maid, when they were found feebly floating almost on their backs.

"Harriet," called the anxious mistress, "have you given the fish any fresh water lately?"

"No, ma'am," answered Harriet; "they haven't drunk the water I gave them last month yet."—*Woman's Home Companion*.

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WHOSE COLOR WAS LIGHT BROWN,
AND IF YOU CALLED IT YELLOW
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OWL-MUSTY

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OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES

IRONICAL

A leading American politician recently took his little son to Washington, where they paid a visit to the Senate gallery, says the *Philadelphia Ledger*.

Dr. Edward Everett Hale specially interested the boy, and his father explained that Dr. Hale was the Chaplain of the Senate.

"Oh! he prays for the Senate, doesn't he?" asked the lad.

"No," said the politician, "he gets up and takes a look at the Senate, and then prays for the country."

FIRST TOURIST: What are you writing down?

SECOND TOURIST: I'm making a note of a few things that have made an indelible impression upon my memory, so I shan't forget them.—*Ally Sloper*.

Hotel Vendome, Boston

The ideal hotel of America for permanent and transient guests.

At a dinner in Newport Rear Admiral Evans spoke with scorn of a young man who had married an old woman for her money.

"That chap calls himself a man, I suppose," said the great sea-fighter, "but there are various definitions of the word man, and the definition that would fit our friend best is the Peebles one. A Scot of Peebles said to his friend MacAndrew: 'Mac, I hear ye have fallen in love wi' bonny Kate McAlister.'

"Well, Sanders," Mac replied, 'I was near—verra near—doin' it, but the bit lassie had nae siller, so I said to myself, 'Mac, be a mon.'"—*Rochester Herald*.

"NECESSITY is the mother of in(ter)vention" is now the watchword of the annexationists of Cuba.—*Tammany Times*.

For the Nursery—For the Table

Whether as an ideal food for infants or for general household use, Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk has no equal; of no other food product can this be truthfully said.

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THE SOUTH FOR HOSPITALITY: The Manor, Asheville, North Carolina, is the best inn South.—*Booklet*.

DEUS SUB MACHINA

The auto car of the well-known actor had broken down and the chauffeur was underneath it, trying to discover the trouble.

"Who is the man under the machine?" asked a bystander.

"He's my understudy," replied the actor, running his hand through his hair.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, when American Minister in London, received an invitation from Lord Granville—then Foreign Secretary—to the effect that he was about to ask, at comparatively short notice, for the pleasure of the company at dinner of "the most engaged man in London."

To which Mr. Lowell wittily replied, according to Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice's *Life of Lord Granville*:

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In a pinch, use Allen's Foot-Ease.

REMAINED TO BE SEEN

INQUIRING FRIEND: Was your uncle in his right mind when he died?

POOR RELATION: We can't tell about that, of course, until we hear his will read.—*Chicago Tribune*.

"My son, I wish you would grow up to be an honest man."

"Well, it's up to you to make it possible, dad."

"How so?"

"Leave me lots of money when you die."—*Houston Post*.

"When you do drink, drink Trimble"

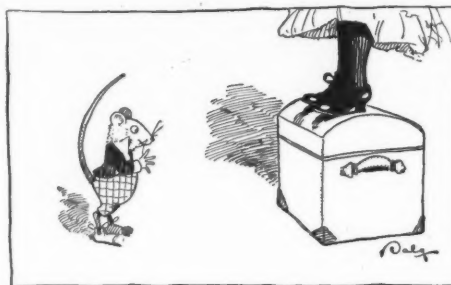
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Amongst the rarest of good ones."
—Shakespeare.

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Other Books Received

A Little Girl in Old San Francisco, by Amanda M. Douglas. (Dodd, Mead and Company. \$1.50.)
The Fair Maid of Graystones, by Beulah Marie Dix. (The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.)
The Patriots, by Cyrus Townsend Brady. (Dodd, Mead and Company. \$1.50.)
An Island in the Air, by Ernest Ingersoll. (The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.)
Duke of Devil May Care, by Harris Dickson. (D. Appleton and Company. \$1.50.)
Thrills of a Bell Boy, by S. E. Kiser. (Forbes and Company, Chicago. \$0.60.)
Social Eccentricities, by Walter Sonneberg. (Broadway Publishing Company.)
The Staircase of Surprise, by Frances Aymar Mathews. (D. Appleton and Company. \$1.50.)
Louisiana, a Record of Expansion, by Albert Phelps. (Houghton, Mifflin and Company. \$1.10.)
The Invisible Bond, by Eleanor Talbot Kinkead. (Moffat, Yard and Company. \$1.50.)
The Liquor Problem, investigations by the Committee of Fifty. (Houghton, Mifflin and Company. \$1.00.)
Sa'Zada Tales, by W. A. Fraser. (Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.00.)
Sidney Lanier, by Edward Mims. (Houghton, Mifflin and Company. \$1.50.)
Ruth, by Edith Elizabeth Fisher. (The Broadway Publishing Company.)
Memories of a Great Schoolmaster, by an old Saint Paul's boy. (Houghton, Mifflin and Company. \$1.50.)
R. Holmes and Co., by John Kendrick Bangs. (Harper and Brothers. \$1.25.)
James Russell Lowell, by Ferris Greenslet. (Houghton, Mifflin and Company. \$1.50.)
Mark Twain's Library of Humor. The Primrose Way. (Harper and Brothers. \$1.50.)
A Modern Miracle, by Corilla Banister. (The Grafton Press.)
The Soul of the People, by William M. Ivins. (The Century Company.)
Old Jim Jucklin, by Opie Read. (Doubleday, Page and Company. \$1.50.)
Nature Cure, by Wilhelmine H. Kuepper. (The John C. Winston Company, Philadelphia. \$2.00.)
Mrs. Alderman Casey, by Irene Stoddard Capwell. (R. F. Fenno and Company.)
An American Abelard and Heloise, by Mary Ives Todd. (The Grafton Press.)
Nature and Health, by Edward Curtis, M.D. (Henry Holt and Company. \$1.25.)
By Love's Sweet Rule, by G. E. Jackson. (The John C. Winston Company, Philadelphia. \$1.00.)
Animal Snapshots and How Made, by Silas A. Lottridge. (Henry Holt and Company.)
Zal, by Rupert Hughes. (The Century Company. \$1.50.)
The Little Room and Other Stories, by Madeline Yale Wynne. (Walter M. Hill, Chicago.)
When You Were a Boy, by Edwin L. Sabin. (The Baker and Taylor Company. \$1.50.)
The Memories of Rose Eyttinge. (Frederick A. Stokes Company. \$1.20.)
A Son of the People, by Baroness Orczy. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)
The Ballingtons, by Francis Squire. (Little, Brown and Company, Boston. \$1.50.)
Patricia, a Mother, by "Iota." (D. Appleton and Company. \$1.50.)
The Up-to-Date Waitress, by Janet McKenzie Hill. (Little, Brown and Company, Boston.)
Randvar the Songsmith, by Ottilie A. Liljencrantz. (Harper and Brothers. \$1.50.)
The Race of the Swift, by Edwin Carlie Litsey. (Little, Brown and Company, Boston.)

MOTHER: What's the baby crying for now?
ELSIE: Freddy was trying to make him smile with the glove stretcher.—*Nashville Banner*.

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Mpongwe Proverbs

"THE Africans," said an ethnologist, "are great people for proverbs. I collected among the Mpongwe tribe last year a multitude of wise saws.

"'Almost,' say the Mpongwe people, 'brings nothing into the house.'

"'When the fox dies, no hen weeps.'

"'People think a poor man is not as clever as a rich one, for why, they ask, would he stay poor if he were clever?'

"'Don't ask the fish what people are doing on land.'

"'Anger draws arrows out of the quiver; patience, nuts out of the bag.'

"'Who marries a beautiful woman takes trouble into the kraal.'

"'Hear both sides before you judge.'"—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

The Dog Trainer

"TALKIN' o' fam'ly and stock on the Avenue, Founded on millions, or made by a king, Look at this dog, for I'd like to be havin' you Weigh for a minute the joke o' the thing!

"Better than most of 'em, good as the best of 'em, Snob from his head to the tips of his toes, Tad has a pedigree just like the rest of 'em— Look at the style of his ears and his nose!

"Then he's affectionate, knows every parlor-trick— House-broke, obedient—good to the kid! I'd never part with him short of a double quick Need o' the money; now what'll you bid?

"Why don't you ask me to give him away to you? Why do you think I've been bringing him up? Here! Wait a minute! I've something to say to you—

Put down the cash, and I'll hand you the pup."
—*Witter Bynner, in Metropolitan Magazine.*

An Accident

BYSTANDER: Come, cheer up, old man. You may not be so badly hurt after all!

VICTIM: How can I tell how badly hurt I am until after I have seen my lawyer? *Translated for Tales from Le Rire.*

What Saved Him

MISS OPPER: I will never marry you! DENKEISEN: Oh, heaven! I would blow my brains out if we were not in the midst of the busy season and I have so much to do!—*Fliegende Blaetter.*

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has two convenient formulas for dealing with trouble. One is to blame it on Loeb and the other is to send Taft to straighten it out.—*Hartford Times-Democrat.*

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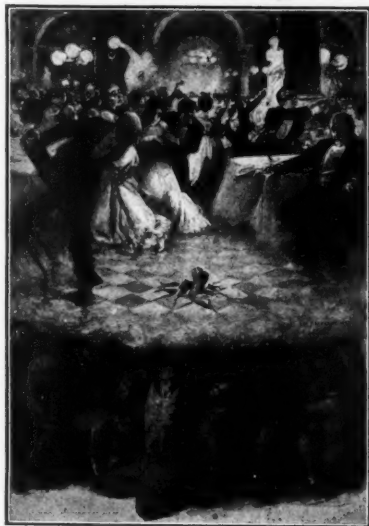
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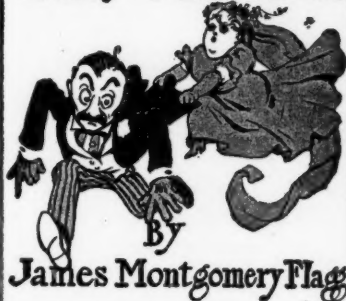
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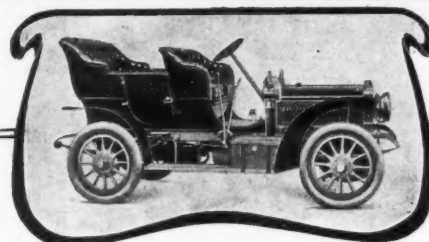
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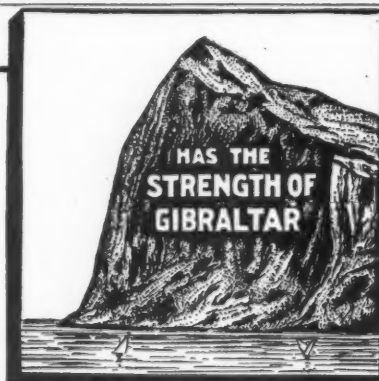
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